

Seated waiting for the concert
Watches, Miss Flora + Knapp
behind me. Sears in front of me +
Johnnie Haron and wife beside me
I have just discovered somebody
who wrinkles his forehead as bad
as you do in Norwich. T. Dear Pithin
has just made his little speech
without his swallow-tail.

The speech is an excuse for the
non appearance of Mrs. Bishop
which is simply harlequinading
I mean her non appearance.

Not that Dear Pithin has
walked across the floor + stage
about 6 or 8 times and the
audience has begun to snicker
when they catch sight of him.
I guess it is about time for
the show to commence.

They have got that awful tin pan
of a Deville toothache pianner
at which the pianist made
a face when he uttered.

Maud Powell has got her
charming new ears with most
delicious Strauss she plays as only
a great musician can, and

is only about my age. Though
she looks like a effusion of forty
flage and panted with that
titter expression of the mouth
they all have. Oh, I am so glad
to have you invited to the stage,
all her world. Wholly here is
gone and what has she that can
ever take its place, merely the
passing admiration of the crowd

Now the Heavens tremble
of Schubert's angelic serenade
harp and violin. Mrs Murray
looks like an angel sitting
at her golden harp with her
fair pure face. And then is
a little tear steals down my cheek
unaware for the darling Mother
whose dearest ambition it always
was to play a harp, perhaps she
plays now. Well, Dear this
is the last. I addressed the
envelope before I came so that I
could take notes and slip them
in. I don't even dare address
the mission at the top for fear
some one might see those my page
A loving kiss, Darling, you can believe

Dec. 5th '95.

Clarence C. Heringway